

THE *Play*
COMICK MASQUE

OF

Engl Theat.
v. 2. pt 3.

Pyramus and Thisbe.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields.*

by Richard Leveridge

Juvenum pulcherrimus alter
Altera quas Oriens habuit, prelata puellis.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *W Mears*, at the *Lamb* without
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T H E

P R E F A C E.

AS *Diversion is the Business of the Stage, 'tis Variety best contributes to that Diversion. The Reader therefore, or Auditor rather, tho' the severest Critick, 'tis hoped will accept of the following Entertainment.*

And as our present Encouragers of this Part of the Theatrical Labours, have for some late Years been chiefly regaled with high Recitative and Buskin Airs; I have here endeavoured the quite Reverse of those exalted Performances; and hope I may challenge some small Excuse for this Exotick Essay, from no less than Example and Precedent.

If the first Founders, the Italians, in the Grandest of their Performances, have introduced Lions, Bears, Monkeys, Dragons,

P R E F A C E.

&c. as their Doughty Fables require : I know no Reason why I may not turn Moonshine into a Minstrel; the Lion and Stone Wall into Songsters; and make them as Diverting as a Dance of Chairs and Butterflies have been in one of our most Celebrated British Entertainments.

From this Justification on my side, I have taken Courage enough to appear in this Publication, Gentlemen,

Your most Humble Servant,

RICHARD LEVERIDGE.

T H E
A R G U M E N T.

PYRAMUS and *Thisbe* were two Celebrated Lovers, not a little Famous for their Amours, but more for their fatal Misfortunes. This young Couple, born and bred in the City of *Babylon*, and living in Neighbouring Houses, there being only a Wall to part their Fathers Gardens, kept an amorous Converse together, by Moonlight, through a Hole in that Wall; where at last they came to a Resolution of Stealing from Home, and meeting together abroad such an Evening, and at such an Hour, in a Wood some distance from the Town, at the Tomb of *Ninus* one of the *Assyrian* Monarchs, &c.

The young Lady making somewhat the speedier haste, came first to the place of Assignment; where unhappily scared with the sight of a Lion approaching that way, she

The Argument.

she ran off with all Precipitation to some remoter Covert in the Wood, to Escape from so dreadful a Devourer, unhappily dropping her Mantle in the Flight.

The Lion soon after coming up to the Tomb, and there finding the Mantle, the enraged Beast tore it to Pieces, leaving it all stain'd with Gore, occasion'd (as reasonably suppos'd) by his Mouth still Bloody from some other Prey he had met before.

The Lion had no sooner rang'd off, but *Pyramus* came up to the Tomb, where finding his Mistress's Mantle thus torn and bloody, and from so frightful a Sight no ways doubting but that his *Thisbe* her self had been Devoured by some wild Beast; in the Agony of his Despair, drew his own Sword, and with it soon pierced his own Heart, as either not able or not willing to survive her.

He was no sooner dead, but the young Lady, well hoping that the Lion had taken his farther Ramble, took Courage enough
to

The Argument.

to return towards the Tomb; where meeting this miserable Spectacle of Blood and Horrour in her dead Lover, with the same Sword she gave her self the same fatal Stroke.

This Tragical Tale the great *Shakespear* thought fit to turn into a most Comical Interlude, in a Play of his call'd *The Midsummer Nights Dream*, as Perform'd by a Company of Rusticks, set out in the lowest Air, and Style of downright Farce and Doggrel.

From that Immortal Author's Original, I have made bold to Dress out the same in Recitative, and Airs, after the present *Italian* Mode, hoping I have given it the same Comical Face, though in a Musical Dress.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

Peter Quince,
Snug,
Bottom,
Flute
Snout,
Starveling,

Mr. Bullock Sen.
Mr.
Mr. Spiller.
Mr. Hill. Bullock.
Mr.
Mr. Cocker.

Personaggi.

Mr. Semibreve the Composer,
Crotchet,
Gamut,
Prologue, {
Pyramus, }
Wall,
Lyon,
Moon-shine,
Thisbe,

Mr. Knap.
Mr. Hill. Bullock
Mr. Cocker.

Mr. Leveridge.

Mr. Randal.

Mr. Cook.

Mr. Reading.

Mr. Pack.

{ Mr. Leveridge.

and

{ Mr. Pack,

Epilguoe,

Pyramus



Pyramus and Thisbe.

Sem. Pray Gentlemen seat your selves here, whilst I give the proper Directions in the Performance.

Enter Quince the Writer of the Masque, Snug the Joyner, Bottom the Weaver, Flute the Bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, Starveling the Taylor.

QUINCE.



S all our Company here!

Bot. You had best call 'em generally, Man by Man, according to the Scrip.

Quin. Every Man answer to his Name.

Bot. First, good *Peter Quince*, say what our Mask treats on; then read the Names of the Actors, and so go on to give out the Parts.

Quin. Marry, our Mask is the most Lamentable Story, and most cruel Death, of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.

Bot. A very good Piece of work I assure you, and merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors by the Scroul? Masters, spread your selves.

Quin. Answer as I call you; *Nick Bottom* the Weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You *Nick Bottom*, are set down for *Pyramus*.

B

Bot.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*? a Lover, or a Tyrant?

Quin. A Lover, that kills himself most Gallantly for Love.

Bot. That will ask some Tears in the true Performance of it. If I do it, let the Ladies look to their Eyes; I will move Storms. I will condole in some measure. Yet me chief Humour is for a Tyrant, I could do * *Ercles* rarely, or a Part to make all split,

*The Raging Rocks,
And Shriv'ring Shocks,
Shall break the Locks
Of Prison-Gates;
And Phœbus Car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.*

This was Lofty. Now name the other Parts, this is *Ercles*'s vein, a Tyrant's vein; a Lover is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute* the Bellows-mender.

Flute. Here *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You must take *Thisbe* on you.

Flute. What is *Thisbe*? a wandering Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* must Love.

Flute. Nay faith, let not me be the Woman, I have a Beard come.

Quin. That's all one, you shall do it in a Mask, and sing in a feign'd Voice.

Bot. An' I may hide my Face, let me be *Thisbe* too: I'll sing in a monstrous little Voice, *Thisbe*, *Thisbe*; Ah! *Pyramus*, my Lover dear, and *Thisbe* dear, and Lady dear.

Quin. No, no, you must be *Pyramus*; and *Flute*, you *Thisbe*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. *Robin Starveling* the Taylor.

Star. Here *Peter Quince*.

Quin. *Robin Starveling*, you must be *Thisbe*'s Mother.
Tom Snout the Tinker.

Snout.

* *Hercules*,

Snout. Here *Peter Quince*. My self *Thisbe's* Father.

Quin. You, *Pyramus's* Father; *Snug* the Joyner, you the Lion's part; and I hope all are fix'd.

Snug. I hope the Lion's Part is not long, for I am slow of Study.

Quin. You may do it Extempore; for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me do the Lion too, I will roar that it will do any one's Heart good to hear me; I will roar, that it will make the Audience say, let him roar again, let him roar again.

Quin. If you shou'd do it too terribly, you wou'd fright the Ladies; and they wou'd shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. I, I, that wou'd hang every Mothers Son of us.

Bot. I grant you Friends, if I shou'd fright the Ladies out of their Wits, they might have no more Discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my Voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking Lamb; I will roar you, as 'twere any Nightingale.

Quin. You can do no Part but *Pyramus*; for *Pyramus* is a sweet-fac'd Youth, as proper a Man as one shall see in a Summers Day! a more lovely Gentleman-like Man, therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. I will undertake it then. But hark you, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. What say'st thou, Bully *Bottom*.

Bot. There are things in this Mask of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, which will never please; First, *Pyramus* must draw a Sword to kill himself; which the Ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. Why ay, that's a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave killing out, when all's done.

Bot. Not a whit, I have a Device to make all well; write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue say, we will do no harm with our Swords, and that *Pyra-*

now is not kill'd indeed; and for the better assurance, tell 'em that I *Pyramus*, am not *Pyramus*, but *Nick Bottom* the Weaver, and that will put 'em out of all fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a Prologue.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be afraid of the *Lion*?

Star. I promise you, I fear it.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves. To bring in (God bless us) a *Lion* among Ladies, is a most dreadful thing! For there is not a more rightful Creature living, and we ought to look to it.

Snug. Therefore we must have another Prologue, to tell 'em he is not a *Lion*.

Bot. Nay, you must name his Name, and half his Face must be seen thro' the Lyon's Neck, and he himself must speak thro' it, saying thus, or to the same defect; Ladies, or fair Ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would intreat you, not to fear, nor tremble, my life for yours: if you think I came hither as a *Lion*, it were pity of my Life; No, I am no such thing, I am a Man as other Men are; and there indeed let him name his Name, and tell 'em plainly he is *Snug* the Joyner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there are two hard things in our Mask, to bring the *Moon-shine* in to a Chamber, for you know *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* meet by Moon-light.

Snug. Does the Moon shine to Night, or not?

Bot. A Kalendar, a Kalendar, look in the Almanack; find out *Moon-shine*, find out *Moon-shine*.

Flute. Yes, it does shine to Night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave the Casement of the Great Hall Window open, and the Moon may shine in at the Casement.

Quin. Or else one may come in with a Bush of Thorns, and a Lanthorn, and say he comes to Disfigure, or to present the Person of *Moon-shine*. Then there is another thing, we must have a Wall in

in the great Room; for *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* (as says the Story) did talk thro' the Chink of a Wall.

Star. You can never bring in a Wall. What say you, *Bottom*?

Bot. One of us must present a Wall, and let him have some Plaster, and some Lime, and some rough-cast about him, to signifie a Wall; and let him hold his Fingers thus, and thro' that Cranny shall *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all's well; and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to get perfect against Night; in the mean time, I will get your Properties ready, that every Man may dress to perform in Form; and pray fail me not.

All. Enough, enough we will all be perfect. [Ex.]

Enter Prologue; with Two Trumpets.

Prol. If we offend, it is with our good Will,
That you shou'd think we come not to offend:
But with good Will to shew our simple Skill,
This is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come, but in despight
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true Intent is all for your Delight,
We are not here that you should here repent you.

*Yet I see some Critick Faces,
That will say, the Author's Nodd
Is grown frantick; soft or adde;
But no matter if it please ye,
At their Thoughts be will be easy:
So he bid me when he sent me,
Say his Hopes were to content ye,
And that you should not repent ye.*

Here's

*Here's no Daphne's, and Apollo's,
 Grave and serious,
 No Whining Venus,
 Nor Adonis,
 Nor Myrtillo's*

*But a Whim that's odd and various,
 Sung by Jolly Fellows.*

*If the drooping Hyppo seize ye,
 If the Spleen and Vapours teize ye,
 'Tis the sprightly Composition
 Then must be your true Physician.
 So to Night with something Airy,
 Let not our good Will miscarry,
 We intend to make you Merry.*

The Singers are at hand, and by their show
 You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Sem. Hold, hold, Mr. *Prologue* I would have it
 With a falling Cadence as thus——

You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Pro.——— That you are like to know.

Sem. Very well, that will do——

[*Ex. Pro. and Trumpets.*

Crot. This Fellow doth not stand upon his Points.

Gam. He hath rid his *Prologue* like a rough Colt;
 he knows neither Stop nor Cadence.

Crot. Indeed he hath play'd on his *Prologue*, like
 a Child on the *Recorder*; a Sound but not in Go-
 vernment.

Gam. But who comes here?

Sem. This Man, with Lime and Rough-cast, doth
 present

Wall, the vile *Wall*, which did the Lovers sunder:
 And thro' *Wall's* Chink, poor Souls, they were content
 To whisper. At the which let no Man wonder.

SCENE

SCENE I. *A Garden.**Enter Wall.*

Wall. In this same Interlude it doth befall,
That I, (*Starveling* by Name,) present a *Wall*:
And such a *Wall* as I would have you think,
That had in it a Cranny, Hole, or Chink,
Through which, the Lovers *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*
Did whisper often very secretly.

*The wretched Sighs, and Groans,
The rueful Sobs and Moans,
With Pity I*

Have seen, and now Condole---

I'll now Comply,

And give Assistance,

Without Resistance,

If they will bide

To my whisp'ring Hole.

This Loam, this Rough-cast, and this Stone doth show,

That I am that same *Wall*, the Truth is so:

And this the Cranny is, right, and sinister,

Through which the fearful Lovers are to whisper:

Crot. Who would desire Lime and Hair to sing better?

Gam. This is the most Musical Partition I ever heard.

Sem. My Friend *Crotchet*: *This is nothing to what we have abroad*, and by degrees I am in hopes to bring our dull *English* to this polite Taste.

But see!

Pyramus draws near the *Wall*. Silence.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim-look'd Night! a Night with hue
So black,

O Night! which ever art when Day is not!
O Night! Oh Night! alack! alack! alack!
I fear my *Thisbe's* Promise is forgot.
And thou, Oh *Wall*, thou sweet and lovely *Wall*,
That stands between her Father's Ground and mine,
Shew me thy Chink, to blink through with mine
Eyne.

Thanks, courteous *Wall*, *Jove* shield thee well for this.
But what see I? No *Thisbe* do I see.

O wicked *Wall*! through whom I see no Bliss
Curst may you be for thus deceiving me.

Crot. The *Wall*, methinks, being sensible, should
curse again.

Sem. There you are quite mistaken, for *deceiving me*
Is *Thisbe's* cue; she is to enter, and he is to spy
Her through the *Wall*.

Pat as I told you, Yonder she comes.

SCENE III.

Enter Thisbe.

Thisbe. O *Wall*, full often hast thou heard my Moans;
For parting my Dear *Pyramus* and me.

Pyr. I hear a Voice: now will I to the Chink,
To spy if I can see my *Thisbe's* Face. *Thisbe.*

Thisbe. My Love! thou art, my Love I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy Lover's Grace;
And like † *Limander*, am I constant still.

Thisbe. And I like ‖ *Helen*, 'till the Fates me kill.

Not * *Shafalus* to † *Procrus* was so true,

² *Vo.* { As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pyr.‖ *Leander.*† *Hera.** *Cephalus.*† *Procris.*

Pyr. O kiss me through the Hole of this vile *Wall*.

This. I kifs the *Wall's* hole; not thy Lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at *Ninny's Tomb* meet me
straight way?

This. Tide Life, tide Death { I come without delay,
I go without delay.

Ex. Pyr. & Thif.

Wall solus.

Wall. Thus have I *Wall*, my Part discharged so,
And being done, thus *Wall* away does go. [Ex.]

Crot. Now is the Moral down between the two Neighbours.

Sem. No Remedy my Friend, when *Walls* are so wilful to hear without warning.

Crot. This is the filliest stuff that I e'er heard.

Sem. The best in this kind are but Shadows, and

Sem. The best in this kind are but Shadows, and the worst are no worse, if Imagination amend them.

Grot. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs

Gam. If we Imagine no worle of them than they
of themselves, they may pass for excellent Performers.

Semi. Here come two Noble Beasts in, a Man and a *Lion*.

Crot. I wonder whether the *Lion* be to sing?

Sem. Never wonder at that, for we that have Study'd the *Italian Opera* may do any thing in this kind.

S C E N E IV.

The Tomb of Ninus in a Wood near Babylon.

Enter Lion, and Moon-shine.

Li. You Ladies, you (whose gentle Hearts do fear,
The smallest monstrous Mouse that creeps on Floor)
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When *Lion* rough in wildest Rage doth roar.

Then know that I one *Snug* the Joyner am;
No *Lion*-fell, nor else no *Lion's* Dam.

For if I shou'd as *Lion*, come in strife
Into this Place, 'twere pity of my Life.

C

Ladies

*Ladies don't fright you,
I will delight you.*

With gentle Roar.

*Let not a Creature,
Tho' fierce in Nature,
Change any Feature,*

I do Implore.

Who can say fy on

So Tame a Lion,

So full of Breeding,

So far exceeding

Lions before.

Crot. A very gentle Beast, and of a good Conscience.

Gam. The very best at a Beast, truly, that e'er I saw.

Crot. This *Lion* is a very Fox for his Valour.

Gam. True, and a Goose for his Discretion.

Sem. Not so, my Friend! for his Valour cannot
carry his Discretion, and the Fox carries the Goose.

Gam. His Discretion I am sure cannot carry his
Valour, for the Goose carries not the Fox.

Crot. It is well: leave it to his Discretion, and
let us hearken to the *Moon*.

Moon. This *Lanthorn* doth the horned *Moon* present,
My self the Man i'th' *Moon* doth seem to be.

Gam. This is the greatest Error of all the rest:
the Man shou'd be put into the *Lanthorn*: How is
it else the Man i'th' *Moon*?

Crot. He dares not come there for the *Candle*,
for you see it is already in *Snuff*.

Moon. The *Man in Moon* am I, Sir,

And hither come down from the Sky, Sir,

To tell how we People above

Enjoy our Pleasures, and Love,

Ever Ranging,

Ever Changing,

Bumpers Drinking,

Never Thinking,

Thus we Riot, thus we Rove.

Gam.

Gam. I am weary of this *Moon*, wou'd he wou'd Change.

Crot. It appears by his small light of Discretion that he is in the wane: but yet in courtesie, in all reason, we must stay the time. Proceed *Moon*.

Moon. All that I have to say, is to tell you, That the Lanthorn is the *Moon*:

I the Man in the *Moon*;

This Thorn-bush, my Thorn-bush,

And this Bumper my Bumper.

Sem. Silence, silence *Moon*, here comes *Thisbe*.

S C E N E V.

Enter Thisbe.

This. This is old *Nimmy's* Tomb; where is my Love?

Lion. Lady don't fright you, — O!

I will delight you — O!

With gentle Roar.

This. Ah! ah!

[*Ex. Thisbe and Lion.*]

Crot. Well roar'd *Lion*.

Gam. Well run *Thisbe*.

Crot. Well shone *Moon*.

Sem. Truly the *Moon* shines with a good Grace.

Crot. Well Mous'd *Lion*.

Gam. And then came *Pyramus*.

Crot. And so the *Lion* vanish'd.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet *Moon*, I thank thee for thy sunny Beams:

I thank thee *Moon*, for shining now so bright:

For by thy Gracious, Golden Glittering Streams,

I trust to taste of truest *Thisbe's* sight.

But stay. O spight!

But mark; poor Knight

What dreadful Dole is here?

Eyes d'ye see,

How can it be!

C 2

O

Gam.

O dainty Duck! O dear!
Thy Mantle good! what, stain'd with Blood?

Approach, you Furies fell:

O Fates! come, come,

Cut Thread and Thrum,

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell.

Gam. This Passion, and the Death of a dear Friend,
wou'd go near to make a Man look sad.

Crot. Beshrew my Heart, but I pity the Man.

Gam. If this won't move the Ladies, poor *Pyramus*
will take pains to little purpose.

Sem. If this won't fetch a Subscription, I'll never
pretend to Compose *Opera*, or *Mask* again, while I
live.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou *Lions* frame?
Since *Lion* wild hath here deflour'd my Dear;
Which is — No, no — which was the fairest Dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with
Chear.

Come Tears, confound: out Sword, and wound
The Pap of *Pyramus*.

Ay, that left Pap, where Heart doth hop:
As Bird doth hop in Cage.

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus,

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled,

My Soul is in the Sky:

Tongue lose thy Light,

Moon take your flight,

Now die, die, die, die.

Gam. So, there's an end of *Pyramus*.

Crot. I'll assure you the Man died well, like a Hero
in an *Italian Opera*, to very good Time and Tune.

Gam. But, how chance the *Moon-shine* is gone,
before *Thisbe* comes back, and finds her Lover?

Sem. She will find him by Star-light; here *she*
comes, and her Passion ends the *Mask*.

Crot. Methinks she should not use a long one for
such a *Pyramus*. I hope She'll be brief.

Sem.

Sem. A Moth will turn the Ballance, which *Pyramus*, which *Thisbe* is the better; Silence, she has spy'd him already.

SCENE VII.

Enter Thisbe.

This. Asleep, my Love?
What, dead, my Dove?
O *Pyramus*, arise!
Speak! speak! quite Dumb?
Dead! dead! a Tomb
Must cover thy sweet Eyes.

These Lilly Lips,

This Cherry Nose,

These yellow Cowslip Cheeks

Are gone, are gone:

Lovers make Moan:

His Eyes are green as Leeks.

O Sisters Three,

Come, come to me,

With Hands as pale as Milk:

Lay them in gore,

Since you have shore

With Sheers, this Thread of Silk.

Tongue, not a Word:

Come, trusty Sword;

Come, Blade, my Breast imbrue;

Now farewell Friends,

Thus *Thisbe* ends.

Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Gam. Moon-skine and *Lion* are left to bury the Dead.

Cro. Ay, and *Wall* too.

Sem. No, I assure you, the *Wall* is down that parted their Fathers Gardens. Now will it please you to have the Epilogue, or a Dance?

Crot. No Epilogue, I beseech you; the Mask needs no Excuse; for when the Performers are all dead, there need none to be blam'd; yet I think, if
he

(14)
he that writ it had done *Pyramus*, and hang'd himself
in *Thisbe's* Garters, it would have been a much bet-
ter Performance.

Gam. Pray Mr. *Semibreve*, who is to Perform the
Epilogue?

Sem. *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.

Gam. *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*——they are both
dead.

Sem. Pho, pho, d'ye think the Audience suppose
them to be Dead? that's a Jest indeed.——I think
it is better to make 'em rise and sing the Epilogue,
and go off by themselves, than to have Three or
Four dirty Property Fellows come and carry 'em
off.

Crot. 'Tis very well, Mr. *Semibreve*; pray let us
have your Epilogue in this New manner.

Sem. *Pyramus*, pray rise and sing the Epilogue.

EPILOGUE.

Pyr. What shall I say——I'm a Dog?
If I can sing an *Epilogue*.

The Ladies too, will be afraid

To hear a Man sing that is Dead.

But if a Whim like this may be,

Thisbe must rise as well as me;

Thisbe.

Thisbe.——What says my *Pyre's* Tongue?

Pyr. The *Epilogue* is to be Sung.

Thisbe. O fye my Love, how can it be?

I ne'er cou'd Sing *Extempore*.

Pyr. E'en let us try, 'tis but a Jest,

Sometimes an off-hand Thing is best;

Tho' I confess 'tis a New thing,

To make the Dead get up and sing.

Thisbe. Pray don't pretend to't, for 'egad,

They'll certainly believe us Mad;

Pyr. If that's the worst, we shall agree,
For all the World's as mad as we.

*All are madding,
And Wits a gadding,
Past and present,
From the Peasant,
To the Peer.*

*Some grow frantick with Ambition,
Every Fool turns Politician;*

*All are Wise,
And feign wou'd rise
To Pow'r and Riches.*

*None refuse 'em,
None wou'd lose 'em.*

Fame and Fortune all bewitches.

*Some have Reason
Out of Season.*

Madness seizes each Condition.

Priest and Poet

Often show it;

This by Ranting,

That by Canting.

All are caught, there's no Man clear.

This. Now, what can I say for the Mask?

Pyr. Say, Ladies—I've a Boon to ask,
That you wou'd smile—and then,
Bow round to all the Gentlemen,
And beg that they too wou'd consent,
To like this little Amusement;
And in return, our Thanks we'll pay,
With Strife to please you Day by Day,
And wish all you in Love—may be,
As I to *This*,—she to me.

TWO

TWO VOICES.

*My Pyre, my Treasure,
My Deare, my Pleasure;
No more, bid adieu.
In Love, I defie all,
To find one so true.
To th' Sun as is Dial,
So I'll be to you.*

*My Pyre, my Treasure,
My Deare, my Pleasure;
No more, bid adieu.*

*My Thisbe, my Pleasure,
My Darling, my Treasure,
No more will we part.
Thou Flow'r of all Beauty,
Thou Cure of all Smart,
I'll ever be true t' ye,
Thou Rose of my Heart.*

*My Thisbe, my Pleasure,
My Darling, my Treasure,
No more will we part.*

F I N I S.

